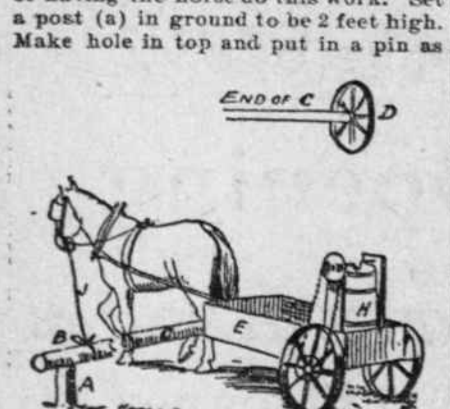
SATURDAY AUG 18, 1900

THE DAIRY

CHURNING MADE EASY.

Novel Method Invented by a California Dairyman of Having a Horse Do the Work.

Various contrivances have been rigged up whereby the bull, sheep, goat, or even dog may do the churning. The illustration shows a novel method of having the horse do this work. Set a post (a) in ground to be 2 feet high. Make hole in top and put in a pin as



DASHER CHURN POWER.

at b. Get a piece of timber 2 by 4 by 12 feet, as c, make a hole in one end and put over pin b. At other end put on a mower wheel as at d. Build an oblong box (e), get a mowing machine axle and put through the back end of box and attach mower wheels, as g f. The churn (h) sets in the box and the dasher is worked by a chain belt from a large sprocket wheel on the axle at rear end of machine. A barrel churn can also be used and so hung in the center as to be turned; with such, the dasher arrangement is not needed. The lead pole (j), keeps the horse or other motive power going round in a circle. —Ray Copeland, in Farm and Home.

HANDLING CORN SHOCKS.

Although It Is a Task of Far-Reaching Importance, But Few Perform It Well.

The report of the Kansas state board of agriculture says where hand labor is plenty, the standard price for cutting corn by hand is five cents per shock, 14 by 14 hills square, without board, or 80 cents per acre, as there are 16 shocks of this size per acre. Corn should always be cut on bright, ear days or on such a day as is good cure hay in. Two men should work gether, and the shocks should be rted on a jack, which is made by tting two legs, well braced togeth-, near one end of a ten-foot scan-ing, and having an auger hole near e upper end for a broom handle. As on as four armfuls are set up ainst the jack the shock should be osely tied with a stalk and the jack moved. As soon as the shocks have oroughly cured, say two weeks aft- cutting, those that are to be stored n the barn should be baled under 000 pounds pressure, and tied up h a wire (common hay-baling wire, wire will tie up two shocks), and se that are to be fed from the d can be pulled up tight with rope d pulley and tied with binding vine; the twine should be saturted with coal oil to prevent mice and sects from destroying it. Eminent ofessors have agreed that it only kes one and one-half inches of rain- l to wash all traces of digestible ter out of a shock of alfalfa, and shocks are also affected, but not o great a degree. They have also eed that well-cured corn fodder, under a good roof without having l any rain on it, is in every respect st the same as ensilage, except the ater content, and it is only neces- y to cut it and add the water to se- food identical to ensilage with- the cost of a silo, with its short , and also without the 20 to 25 per nt. waste that mold causes in the orners of the silo.—Prairie Farmer.

What Butter Makers Want.

Some papers insist that the butter-makers want to tax oleo out of existence, and are going too far, says the Reporter. There should be no misapprehension on this point. The butter men do not ask that oleomargarine be taxed out of existence. On the contrary, the law they support reduces e tax on oleomargarine from two ats a pound to one-fourth cent. hat they do ask is that oleomargaine, plus butter color, be taxed ten ents a pound, and they do this in orer to render it impossible to sell it raudulently as and for butter and at utter prices. It is assumed that some people really want oleo. The butterman will put no straw in the way of their getting it, but will insist that they shall not be fooled into buying 't for butter at butter prices.

How Process Butter Is Made.

Here is a description of process butter: "This butter is made from old, rancid and useless dairy butter, purchased from the country store keepers in the states farther west and shipped in old barrels, tobacco pails, shoe boxes, etc., which appetiting mess is put through a process of boiling and renovating to remove the nauseating odors and through other treatments which have brought it under the ban of the pure-food laws of several states, after which it is worked over in sweet buttermilk, which gives it temporarily a fairly clean flavor." See that this stuff is not worked off on you by your grocer. The "green" woods are full of it.—N. Y. Press.

When a dog shows his teeth and snarls you may be sure he's one of the cross breeds.

LARGE MILK YIELDS.

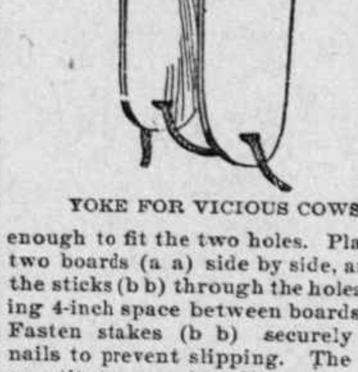
They Can Be Expected Only by Dairymen Who Know the Value of Regular Milking.

Cows are creatures of habit, and the habits of their owners are reflected in their milk yield. The dairyman who milks his cows at a regular hour night and morning will secure an eighth or a tenth more milk with them than though there was a variation of an hour or two in the milking hours every day. A writer in the Indiana Farmer has seen this practically tested to his satisfaction on some large dairy farms in central New York. The methodical dairyman, "as regular as clockwork," came out ahead every time. Right now is the best possible time to put this rule of regularity into practice. Dairymen should make it a rule, say, to milk their cows at six o'clock in the morning and six o'clock at night. After this rule has been once established on the premises, it should be like the laws of the Medes and Persians, unalterable, and respected accordingly. It is such a common occurrence to let other farm duties interfere with the regular care and milking of cows that it may be hard to make some believe, who ought to know better, that strict adherence to method has anything to do with dairy success. It can safely be set down that if a man is conducting what he calls "mixed farming," and dairying is a part of the mixture, his cows can be made to pay more in proportion than any of his other agricultural interests. This will not be consummated, however, under ordinary care and usage. He must give his milch cattle extraordinary attention in order to reap the benefit of their full capabilities. This mixed farming business, of which dairying is supposed to form an integral part, is the cause of a whole lot of inferior cows, poor milk and butter, and meager profits. It is high time that dairying under such conditions should be regarded at its true worth, both for the profit of agriculture and the quality of milk products. Do not stop to hoe a five-cent hill of beans, when you should be milking a $50 cow, or one that would be worth $50 if she were milked regularly. Do not call to your assistance a mangy, worthless cur in driving up the cows, when every hurried step they take causes their blood to surge toward fever heat, and results in milk that will undergo dangerous fermentative changes very quickly.

CURES EVERY TIME.

A Little Device Which Effectually Prevents Cows from Consuming Their Own Milk.

To prevent self sucking take two 1-inch boards 14 inches long, 6 inches at one end and 4 inches at other. Bore two holes at the 6-inch end, about 1 inch square, 2 inches from the end and side. Cut two sticks (b b), 18 inches long, sharpen them a little, large



YOKE FOR VICIOUS COWS.

enough to fit the two holes. Place the two boards (a a) side by side, and put the sticks (b b) through the holes, leaving 4-inch space between boards (a a). Fasten stakes (b b) securely with nails to prevent slipping. The device constitutes a yoke. Drop it over the cow's neck, make a hole at lower end of boards (c c) and tie with a stout cord. With this yoke on, the cow cannot get to her teats, as the ends of the sticks strike her in the side.— J. H. Van Ness, in Farm and Home.

DAIRY AND LIVE STOCK.

Young calves need water as well as milk these hot days. Set a pailful over the fence in the yard and see them drink it down.

Churning when you "get time," and churning at any and all degrees of ripeness of cream, account for the varying flavor of dairy butter.

In summer time it may be well to stable a cow in a cool, dark stable, and allow her to spend the nights in the pasture, thus protecting her from the great annoyance of the flies. She needs to be comfortable to give milk of the best quality.

Can you not manage to have a shelter of some sort for the calves? The flies are terrible. You realize this when they get on the top of your bald head. It will not cost much to fix up a little house for the calves and they will do all the better for it.

A handful of grain in the feed boxes will bring the cows down early, and far more humanely, than any dog can do it. We believe in dogs in their place, but their place is not in the field with cows and sheep unless they know how to behave.—Farm Journal.

Keep Cows Away from Them.

Wild onions abound in many parts of the west, and the cows as well as children eat them. They are bound to injure the milk if eaten by the cows, for the reason that onions contain an oil that gets through the system of the cow and into the milk. There is a dispute as to whether ordinary food in a bad state can taint the milk, by passing through the cows, but all are agreed that onions and garlic do. Butter that is tainted with these oils does not sell well. It is not much of a task ridding pastures of these objectionable plants and it should be done.—Farmers' Review.

Not a Flattering Thought.

Some people probably agree with you because it bores them less than your argument.—Chicago Daily News.

SOME COLD DESSERTS.

They Require Little or No Cooking and Are, at the Same Time, Good and Wholesome.

Pineapple fool is made by grating the fruit quite fine and adding sugar enough to sweeten. Drop a candied cherry or a small spoonful of jelly into the bottom of a punch glass and cover with the pineapple, when ready to serve, add a spoonful of whipped cream to each glass and put a candied cherry on top. Jelly may be substituted for the cherries, and the glasses after being filled should be placed on ice for 20 minutes.

For cherry snowballs, select large red and white cherries, firm and ripe. After stoning them, roll each one in a soft icing made of confectioners' sugar and colored pink, for the white cherries, then roll them in freshly-grated cocoanut. Place on ice for a short time before wanted.

Strawberry charlotte requires slices of sponge cake, with which a mold is lined, cover the bottom of the mold with crushed, sweetened strawberries, then fill with stiff whipped cream, which may be colored with strawberry juice. Put in the ice box until wanted, when it should be turned out on a glass dish.

A dish that is pleasant to the eye as well as to the palate is made with a pineapple, four oranges, four bananas and cherries. Place in the center of a dish a pineapple, pared, cored and sliced, yet retaining as near as possible its original shape. Peel, quarter and take out seeds of the oranges; arrange in a border around the pineapple. Put the bananas into lengthwise slices and arrange zigzag fence fashion around the border of the dish. In the spaces put stones and sugared cherries. Whipped cream is poured over this, or clear sugar sirup flavored with a little brandy.

Strawberry velvet takes a little more time for preparation, as gelatine is required—a half ounce once dissolved in a gill of water; add to it a half-pint of sherry, grated lemon peel, the juice of one lemon and a quarter of a pound of sugar. Stir over the fire until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved; strain and cool; before it sets beat into it a pint of cream. Half fill small molds with strawberries and pour the cream on top. Put on ice until needed. — St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

LECTURES FOR MINERS.

San Francisco Young Woman Will Try to Refine the Argonauts at Nome City.

Miss Janne M. Long, a resident of San Francisco and a graduate of the Northwestern university at Evanston, Chicago's northern suburb, proposes to spend her summer vacation at Cape Nome and to give a series of entertainments there of higher order than is usually known in mining camps. Miss Long went to the Pacific coast a little over a year ago, where she engaged actively in educational work. Now she has been invited to the Nome camp by Capt. and Mrs. Howland, of Oakland, who have been successful in Alaskan mining, and she will make her home with them while in the north. She is under contract with a prominent Boston magazine to write her impressions about Nome.

"The Cape Nome camp," said Miss Long, recently, "has attracted thou-

LECTURING IN NOME CITY.

sands of educated and refined persons, and these will undoubtedly appreciate the opportunity for entertainment that is above the plane of the dance hall and gambling den. I shall offer methods by which the cultured may obtain relaxation from the actual mining work without frequenting the places that they would not think of visiting at home.

"My attention was recently called by eastern connections to the fact that in all Bret Harte's literature about the mining camps there is no allusion to any form of entertainment above the dance hall level. I intend to ascertain whether the lower forms of amusement can retain educated patrons, even in the frontier and mining settlements, when something is offered that is thoroughly entertaining and amusing."

Miss Long will not return to San Francisco until August or September.

How to Wash Summer Silks.

To wash summer silks remove all grease or other spots with soap and water before proceeding. Make a solution of a teaspoonful of ammonia and a little soap in a pail of water, and in this dip the silk again and again until the dirt is removed. Do not wring out, but press between the hands. Rinse in water from which the chill is gone, and hang in a shady place until partly dry, then lay between two cloths and press with a hot iron.

Half a Century a Teacher.

The oldest school teacher in England is Mrs. Sarah Davis, aged 83 years, who has charge of the infant room in the national school at Finmere, where she has taught for more than 50 years.

To the Juvenile Mind.

"Paw," said Tommy, "I don't see why they call it a Turkish bath."

"Why not?"

"Because all the Turks I've ever seen looked as if they never took a bath at all."—Chicago Tribune.

Investigation Proved It.

"When I put my foot down, I'll have you to understand," says Mrs. Nojoker, "that there's something there."

On investigation it was found to be a No. 11 shoe.—Tit-Bits.

Military Halifax.

There are just three cities in North America that have a foreign atmosphere. They are New Orleans, with its French quarter; Quebec, with its frowning fortifications, reminding one of Ehrenbreitstein, and its wonderful patois, and Halifax, with its British garrison, which gives a dash of red to the streets, the public parks, the theaters and other places of amusement. Tommy Atkins is greatly in evidence in Halifax. The high privates, corporals and sergeants stroll with the nursemaids in the public gardens. The officers are conspicuous at the clubs, at dances and other social affairs.

"Oh, how I love you, Tommy Atkins," is strictly true of Halifax. It would seem a dull little place without the military. At the same time it is believed that Halifax would be of far more commercial importance if less time were given to society and more to business. A commercial traveler once told me that Halifax was his bete noir. The men whom he wanted to "drum" were difficult to find in their business places, because they had engagements with Capt. or Col. or Maj. So-and-So at the club.—Gustav Kobbe, in Truth.

A Cool Dog.

When a cat lies with her back to the stove it is a sign of a storm, but when a dog lies on a piece of ice no one knows what to predict. The unusual spectacle of a dog spread at full length upon a cake of ice attracted a full share of attention on Eleventh street the other day. The ice had been left before a store door early in the morning, and cool rivulets were trickling from it to the gutter. The dag waddled languidly up the street, his tongue hanging out and his tail between his legs, the sorriest victim of heat to be seen in a day's tramp. He looked at the ice, came nearer, sniffed at it with evident enjoyment, then in raptures of delight ran his tongue over its cool surface. As a cat capers in catnip the dog capered around the ice. Then he turned twice and stretched himself upon it. Many a passer-by seemed to envy him his cool position.—Philadelphia Press.

East India Marine Hall.

Salem, Mass., is the home of this building, which contains collections of the Essex institute and of the East India Marine society. The scientific cabinets of the Essex institute are extensive and well-arranged, and the collections of the Marine society include many curiosities from oriental countries and other distant nations. Among the numerous curiosities is a piece of wood carving in the form of two hemispheres 1½ inches in diameter, in the concavities of which are carved representations on the one hemisphere of Heaven and on the other of hell. There are 110 full-length figures in the carving, and the whole is very skillfully executed. It is said to be the work of an Italian monk of the fourteenth century.—Detroit Free Press.

Florida Oranges.

Besides the fine cultivated orange trees of Florida, which have been improved from the native stock, there are yet thickets of thorny wild orange trees in the southern lake region of that state. The fruit of these is coarse and sour and of no value. The origin of them dates some three centuries ago. Before some Spanish invader in Ponce de Leon's force carelessly dropped the seeds of one of the last oranges the company had brought on the long voyage to guard against scurvy, the tree was unknown in America.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Rye House.

The Rye house, located between London and Newmarket, is a frequent resort of anglers from London. According to some authorities it was the scene of the famous alleged conspiracy of 1683, known as the Rye house plot. Other authorities locate the scene of the plot at an ancient mansion called the Rye house, in the parish of Stanstead, Hertfordshire. — Detroit Free Press.

To Shame Him.

Mrs. Gabble—Mrs. Phoxy seems to exercise a peculiar influence over her husband.

Mrs. Noah Tall—She does. She has preserved an alleged poem he wrote when he was a young man, and whenever he gets obstreperous she threatens to read it to him.—Philadelphia Press.

In Old Kentucky.

First Native—I hear Deacon Jasper was struck by lightning while on his way to church.

Second Native—Yes, the ways of the Lord are past finding out!

"True, but then thar is no telling whether the deacon was going thar to pray or shoot!"—Puck.

The Lesser Evil.

Bramble—Why do you play poker with Shortleigh? He can't afford to pay if he loses, and besides he doesn't play fair.

Thorne—I know it, but I might as well let him win my money as to lend it to him.—San Francisco Examiner.

Enjoying Themselves.

Simpkins and his young wife had just completed their first quarrel. "I wish I was dead," she sobbed.

"I wish I was, too," he blubbered.

"Then, I don't wish I was," and the war continued.—Indianapolis Journal.

An Odd Fish.

Bramble—There goes that eccentric old millionaire.

Thorne—Is he very eccentric?

"I should say so. Why, he dresses almost as well as one of hs clerks."—N. Y. World.

In a Bad Way.

"What is the matter with your husband, Mrs. Perkasie?" asked a sympathizing neighbor.

"He's suffering from bacteriology," replied Mrs. Perkasie, "and the doctor says that his system is full of bascillicas."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Mission of the Press.

"What are all these newspapers doing scattered about the room?" exclaimed the wife of the politician, entering the library.

"Same as the newspapers are always doing, dear," was the reply; "lying about me."—Yonkers Statesman.

Not His Fault.

Judge—Aren't you ashamed to have struck so old a man?

Accused—It isn't my fault that he's grown old. I've been after him for years, and should have much preferred to get him younger.—N. Y. World.

A Gloomy Outlook.

First Professional North Pole Explorer—You look worried, comrade.

Second Professional North Pole Explorer—Yes; I fear that some day one of those relief expeditions is going to discover the pole.—Puck.

Very True.

Bookkeeper—I think I ought to get more pay! I am engaged to get married!

Employer—Well, hurry up and get married and you won't need more pay! It's this being engaged that's so expensive!—Puck.

Perhaps.

The words: "Where ignorance is bliss"
Were very likely said
By one who had an aching wis-
Dom tooth within his head.
—Philadelphia Press.

WASN'T SORE ABOUT IT.

Guest—Say, waiter, this steak must be at least three weeks old, isn't it?

Waiter—'Deed, I dunno, sah! I'se only been heah a week, sah.—Chicago Daily News.

Thins Them Out.

Appleton—I think the Spanish bull-fights much preferable to our prize fights.

Plumpton—Goodness! Why?

Appleton—Sometimes the bull fighters get killed.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Financial Outlook.

"How much money have you, Sammy?"

"Well, if I didn't owe grandma a dime and sister a nickel I'd have 15 cents."—Chicago Record.

Problem Solved.

Nodd—They say it is impossible for a drunken man to receive any injury.

Todd — Now I know what to do when my wife wants me to go shopping with her.—Town Topics.

Terrible.

She—Has your friend long been bald? He looks so young!

He (pathetically)—He was born so.

She (much moved)—The poor thing!—N. Y. World.

Weekly Prem.	Sick Benefit.	Birth Benefit.	Death Benefit.
05	$ 1 50	$	$ 15 00
10	2 35	6 00	35 00
15	4 00	6 00	45 00
20	4 50	6 00	50 00
25	5 00	7 00	60 00
30	6 00	7 00	70 00
35	7 00	7 00	80 00
40	8 00	7 00	90 00
45	9 00	7 00	100 00
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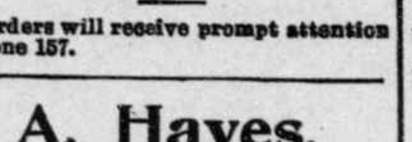

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